too Cut off the heads of two faſt growing ſprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All muſt be euen in our gouerment.
You thus imployde, I will goe roote away
The noyſome Weedes that without profit ſucke
The ſoyles fertilitie from holſome Flowers.
Ser. *Man.* Why ſhould we in the compaſſe of a Pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
as in Shewing in a modell our firme eſtate, ſtate
When our ſea-walled Garden, the whole Land
Is full of Weedes; her faireſt Flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprund her hedges ruinde,
Her Knots diſordered, and her holeſome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers,
Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath ſuffred this diſordered Spring,
Hath now himſelfe met with the fall of Leafe:
The Weedes that his broade ſpreading Leaues did ſhelter,
That ſeemde in eating him, to hold him vp,
pluckt Are puld vp, roote and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:
I meane the Earle of *Wiltſhire*, Bulhie, Greene.
Man. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are;
And *Bullingbrooke* hath ſeizd the waſtfull King.
hath not Oh what pittie it is, that he had not ſo trimde
And dreſt his Land; as we this Garden, at time of yeere
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Leaſt being ouer-proud with ſappe and blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelfe.
Had he done ſo, to great and growing men,
They might haue liude to beare, and he to taſte
superfluous Their fruites of duetie: ſuperfluous branches
We loppe away, that bearing boughes may line:
Had he done ſo, himſelfe had borne the Crowne,
and Which waſte of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
Man. What, thinke you the King ſhall be depoſde?
Gard. Depreſt he is already, and depoſde

T'is.

T'is, doubt he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a deare friend of the Duke of *Yorkes*,
That tell blacke tidinges.
Queen. Oh! I am preſt to death through want of ſpe
Thou old *Adams* likenes ſet to dreſſe this Garden,
How dares thy harſh rude tongue ſound this vnple
What *Eue*? What *Serpent* hath ſuggeſted thee, (
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay King *Richard* is depoſde?
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing then earth
Diuine his downe fall? Say, where, when, and how
Camſt thou by this ill tidinges? ſpeake thou wretch
Gard. Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I
To breath theſe newes, yet what I ſay is true:
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*: their fortunes both are weyde.
In your Lo. ſcale, is nothing but himſelfe,
And ſome few vanities that make him light:
But in the ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Beſides himſelfe, are all the Engliſh Peeres,
And with that oddes, he wheighes King *Richard* do
Poſt you to London, and you will finde it ſo;
I ſpeake no more then euery one doth know.
Queen. Nimble Miſchaunce, that art ſo light o
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me,
And am I laſt that knowes it? Oh thou thinkeſt
To ſerue me laſt, that I may longeſt keepe
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt: come Ladyes, goe
To meete at London, Londons King in woe.
What, was I borne to this, that my ſadd looke,
Should grace the triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*?
Gardner, for telling me theſe newes of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graftſt may neuer gro
Gard. Poore Queene, ſo that thy ſtate might be
I would my skill were ſubiect to thy curſe,
Heere did ſhe drop a teare, heere in this place,
Ile ſet a bancke of Rewſowre Hearbe-of-grace: